London Soundes a Trumpet, that the countrey may heare it.

When Death driues, the Graue thriues
Coachman, Runne thou away, neuer so fast:
One stride of mine, cuts off the Nimblest haste.

SInne calls downe Punishment: Punishment should bring forth Amendment of life: Amendment euer meets with mercy, and mercy stops Sicknesse, when tis in the highest speede: So that if we still goe on in wickednesse, wee must euery weeke looke to haue the bill of Terror strike vs more and more.

The visitation, (and rightly may it carry that Name) hath now three times in a few yeares Rode circuite through the whole Kingdome, and kept a dreadfull Sessions, within London, and round about it: Death, does at this houre scout vp and downe the Suburbes, and shewes his Ghastly face, in some Parrishes of the City.

Those houses which are shut vp, Charity opens, and most liberally feedes them. Those houses of poore Handy-crafts-men, that stand open, are for want of worke pinch'd with hunger, and the people ready to goe a begging.

Yet there is one comfort, there is no man (bee he neuer so poore) but meetes in euery corner, one poorer than himselfe: So that, w Aduersities soeuer are layd vpon vs, wee are bound to prayse God, in that we are not cast downe to the lowest Misfortunes in the World, for wee heare of ten thousands in forreine places, in farre worse estate then wee are.

Now, as Men and Women, haue a perticular cause to send their Deuotions vp to Heauen, when they compare their present beings (how wretched soeuer) with others more wretched: So many Townes, Cittyes, and Kingdomes, may (in generall) lift vp their eyes with ioy, when albeit the Diuine vengeance hath smot the, with a Mace of Iron: Yet if they looke on their Neighbours, miserably drone in peices: They behold those ouer-whelmed with more raging billowes than they feele or see comming neere them selues.

As for example, this godly and beautifull City of London, hath now but a few faynt spots set in her flesh: A few pestilentiall sores sticking on her body: But a few Tokens are sent her, to bid her Remember, who sees her doings: She beares no great Number of Bels Tolling: No terrible number of Graues are opened in her sight: Not whole streets of houses are now shut vp with Rede Crosses on the doores: And Lord haue Mercy vpon vs, ouer those doores, to fright Beholders: There are not such Fines, & Incomes, to bee payd for Tenements of the dead, (Heauen be blessed) as there were either at the comming of King Iames to his Crowne, or of King Charles our Soueraigne to his.

Alas, these markes, Printed (ô London) vpon thee now, are but Fleabitinges to the stripes which drew blood from thy very Heart, in those dayes of Desolation.

And yet, how art thou Frighted? How pale are thy Cheekes? How does this one fit of a burning Feauer, inflame all thy body? How doest thou shake the Head, and complaine, that doings are cold? that Trading lies dead? and that money keepes her bedde, and is not stirring.

How doe thy Coaches, and Caroaches runne thorow thy Streets, and so out at thy Gates, full of braue, rich people, to liue safe (as they hope) in the Countrey? Not caring how sorrowfull a life, thou leadest here in their ablence.

How little doe they regard the poore, which they leaue behinde them? What is it to them, if some poore wretches drop downe in the streetes: This touches not them: It wounds not them: Gallants, and Cittizens, take leaue of them with much complement at the Coaches side, the Coachman with his Hatt off, asking if hee shall set forward: On, on, they then all cry, and away (in a Hy cry:) Thunder they (O London) out of thy Reach.

Yet, cast thine eye on this Picture aboue, they cannot bee out of his reach: who is ready to follow them, with Dimes Glasse in one hand, and his owne blacke darte in the other. This Rainbone Foot-man can runn by the side of the Coach-horses, and smite the officious Coach man in the midst of his iourney.

When in heapes, people stand gazing on a dead Corpes suddenly stricken downe in the fields: This cunning dart-caster, can stand before them, looke at them, threaten them, and tell the) when he's bidden but to shoote) They shall feele the strength of his le arme, as well as the others.

And yet, albeit so many Waggons laden with Houshold-stuffe, are euery day thrawne from thee: Albeit so many Doores are lockt vp, and so many take their heeles, and fly in this day of Battaile: Yet their flight is for the most part into the mouth of danger. For, the Countrey looks with a more pale, and sickly Collour, then (London) thou dyest.

Reioyce not that they Neighbours are so ill, but clappe thy hands for ioy thou thy selfe art no worse. Pray for thy Distressed friends, neighbouring Townes, and Cities: And releeue them to thy power, if they want. As thou hast with a Noble, free, and bountifull hand done to some of late already.

It is warrantable by the Lawes of God, to shunne infection, and to fly persecution: Diuines and the best men, doe the one, And the Martyrs when they liued did the other. But now (blessed be the white hand of mercy) there are no such Tyrannicall Enemies beating at thy gates.

If they that are in the Land, haue Mannors, fulnesse of Riches, and the fatnesse of and Lordships to ride to: And Country-houses to repaire to, for pleasure, to auoyde infection: In Gods name, let them goe, with them well at their setting forth, welcome them with Embra ces at their comming in: But with all put them in minde of an thing, to doe some good to the poore in the Country, though now they do none here, & all shall be well.

And you in the Country, whose Barnes are full of Corne, & whose fieldes are crown'd w blessings: You, into whose Mow hills the breath of Heauen, suffers his wholesome ayre to passe to and fro, to giue you health, and to make long lusty old age wayte vpon you at your Tables: To on I speake, your eyes doe I wish to bee opened: To loke backe at your hard and vnkind dealings with Cittizens, in the two last great Sicknesses: Remember how your Iniquity then, hath been punished since: And therefore welcome the Sonnes, and Dau ghters, of London comming to you now, as if they were your owne.

This Sicknesse call'd the Plague, hath a quicke feete, and a stirring hand: Yet (blessed be the sender of this dreadfull Pursuant) he has not beene too busie with vs as yet: Let your eyes but looke beyond Seas, into other Cities and you will acknowledge the Almighties Mercy Wonderously extended to vs. For, those three punishments (Sword, Pestilence, and Famine,) of which, Dauids Prophet bid him (from an Angels mouth) make his choyce of one, doe at this instant hottly lay about them in some part of Italy: In so much, that for 4. Moneths, (Now in this Summer) there haue dyed of the Plague in Millan, 30000. In Mantua, 36000. In Parma, 20000. And so in other Cities great number besides.

The soft wings of compassion, all this while Couer vs, not that wee deserue to be spared, but that out of his loue, God does spare vs. For in this last blow, which hee giues vs, hee fights not with many old men, he giues them time yet to repent, not with many young men, hee winkes at their faults a while hoping, they will bee wiser: But looke ouer all your weekely, Bils, euer since there dyed at first but one, and you shall finde, of Infants and young Children, twenty for one snatched out of their Cradles, because God will bee sure to increase his Saints in Heauen.

The King of Kings when hee sees his time, shorten and end these miseries, and powre downe his wonted blessings on this our Land, This City, vs all, AMEN.

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